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HUMAN RIGHTS

AND

KING ANDY;

OR THE

Apostate President.

BY WILLIAM BOYD, M. D.,

WASHINGTON:  
JOSEPH E. PEARSON, PRINTER.  
1867.

Figgs

Figgs

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## INDEX TO CONTENTS.

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	PAGE.
Preface.....	v
The Rights of Nations and Individuals.....	9
King Andy's Biography ; or Andrew Johnson's Soliloquy.....	23
"My Maryland;" or the Slaveholder's Soliloquy.....	41
Sequel to Willie Dear.....	43
Note to Miss Anna E. Dickinson.....	45
Miss Anna E. Dickinson's Answer.....	46
To Hon. T. D. Eliot, M. C. Thirty-seventh Congress.....	46
Sequel to For Better, For Worse.....	49
Portraiture of a Brother's Hypocrisy ; or the Chief of Hypocrites .....	53
Explanation to Chief of Hypocrites.....	57
Letter of Apology, and Criticism of "My Policy".....	60
Blind Incredulity Rebuked.....	64
The Enigma.....	69
To Miss Cecilia Moran.....	70





## PREFACE.

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THE READER may be desirous to know what suggested the present essay to the mind of the writer; and to satisfy those who may be so curious, I propose to give a short statement of the causes that led to its production.

In the latter part of 1864, I joined the National Union Lyceum. It then met at 481 Ninth street west, but soon afterwards obtained the Aldermen's Chamber, City Hall, where it continued to meet until its dissolution (on account of political rancor) in the summer of 1866. A majority of its members were more inclined to be radical than otherwise; but there were a small minority who were poisonously secesh, and yet pretended to be Union men. They were Andy Johnson men to the core.

It is now a matter of history that in April, 1864, it was proposed in the Senate of the United States to so amend the Constitution as to abolish slavery throughout the Union. It passed both Houses in the month of January, 1865, and was approved by that great good man, Abraham Lincoln, on February 1st, 1865, just seventy-three days before his death, which occurred on the morning of April the 15th, 1865, from the effects of a wound inflicted by a pistol ball fired the night previous by the unparalleled assassin John Wilkes Booth. Immediately after its approval the amendment was sent out to the several States of the Union for the approval of their several legislatures; it was, therefore, for some time the great topic of the day, and was discussed by every newspaper and lyceum in the country. And in the Union Lyceum the following question was proposed, (as nearly as I can recollect without a record,) viz: "*Resolved*, That the several States ought not to ratify the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery, proposed by Congress and approved by the late Abraham Lincoln." I think the above question was discussed about the first week in February of 1866, a short time before the famous 22d of February debut by "King Andy." I had the closing argument in the negative, "and said that the amendment ought not only to be ratified by the States, but that Congress had the right by the war power to abolish slavery wherever it existed, and to force every foot of the territory lately in rebellion to give the right of suffrage to the colored man, and thereby force them to form republican governments; but a right to force every State in the Union to guarantee a republican form of government. That is, force every State in the Union, or that may come in, to give the suffrage to every loyal and moral man and woman, without distinction of race or color."

"And that the 'acting' President, Andrew Johnson, was not to be trusted; that democrats of his class were not to be trusted: that they had brought on the war and deluged the country in blood, in groans and tears; had brought on a rebellion to perpetuate and to enlarge slavery; had cost the country almost countless millions of treasure, and hundreds of thousands of lives, and that in less than 10 years he would be at the head of a reactionary party—if he could—and try to ape Louis Napoleon, and become Emperor of the United States." To that end he would do everything he could do to bring on another civil war, or by having command of the army and navy so arrange it as to keep himself in the White House all his life, and in all probability declare his successor either by heirship or some other way equally as infamous.\* I believe that a man who will not only violate his word but his oath, would be guilty of every species of villainy to retain a position once obtained, and more especially a position obtained through fraud and violence. Then the great question is, will the loyal people of these United States vote to continue a man in office who has violated every promise he has ever made? Instead of punishing rebels he has given them all the aid he could, and that *too* in the most substantial *manner*. He has done all that he could to bring about another rebellion: he has winked at the massacres of loyal citizens of this Republic, and just because they were loyal; he has bargained with the enemies of constitutional law for the overthrow of every safeguard to freedom and liberty; he has tried to make the people believe that the loyal men of Congress were traitors, and the cause of the many bloody massacres in the South; yet knowing that he himself was the instigator of them by his notorious 22d of February oration, when he declared that from that day there would be a war of races. He then only publicly declared what he always had been, the deadly enemy of the colored race. They will never forget his declaration on that day, nor his subsequent treatment of Fred. Douglas and party.

Away with such a buffoon,  
Halt o'possum, half coon.

The man who not only pardons by wholesale the meanest of all criminals, but who has pardoned men that they may give perjured evidence in favor of assassins that they may be set at liberty and thus frustrate the ends of justice, is not to be, nor can he be, neither will he be longer trusted with place and power. Then let the republican watchword be, onward and upward, never faltering until every vestige of treason shall be rooted out of our political atmosphere, and until we shall have placed our country beyond the reach of treachery, and in the hands of the brightest star in the galaxy of our republican men. As to why the soliloquys were written, I have only to say, that the slave-holder's soliloquy, "My Maryland," was suggested by the position that the slave-holders, and the aiders and abettors of that *institution*, held in regard to the Constitutional Convention of that State in 1864. They howled most piteously against the Congress for proposing the "Amendment abolishing slavery;" but at that time we had a loyal President who carried out the will of Congress, and their pet institution had to give way to "popular opinion."

\*I was that evening appointed essayist for that night two weeks, hence the production of the Rights of Nations and of Individuals.

The other one, called "King Andy's Biography," or "Andrew Johnson's Soliloquy," will explain itself without any from me. Those who are familiar with his presidential history, will, I hope, appreciate the production. The sequel to "Willie Dear," was written in the month of May, 1860, one evening while in cell No. 1, U. S. Penitentiary, D. C., where I was sent on the 11th day of February, 1860, sentenced to serve a term of fourteen years, for having aided two slaves, George Ross and wife, in their attempt to escape from slavery. I hope, therefore, the reader will appreciate the feelings of a fond father under such circumstances, having been sent there by a perjured jury and a perjured judge, and none but traitors as my keepers; some of whom went into the rebellion. I heard the warden, C. P. Sengstack, Sr., declare, that "if he had the power he would hang every d——d black republican from Maine to California," and, said he, "their pet white nigger, Old Abe." The acrostic on Miss Anna E. Dickinson, and her answer, will explain themselves—I being a delegate to the "Loyal Southern Philadelphia Convention," of September, 1866.

Oh! how beautiful that womanly voice,  
 So superbly grand, and wittily choice;  
 Sweetness, ease, elegance, with polished grace,  
 All beaming from that one beautiful face.  
 Who would not a golden tribute pay,  
 Or in truth's own battle think to say—  
 That she, the most brilliant of her race,  
 Would not bewitch you to your face?

To make this pamphlet come up to what I promised in my prospectus, I have added several interesting and original pieces by special request of several intimate friends. Each piece having an explanation appended thereto, it would be superfluous to mention them here.

W. B.



HUMAN RIGHTS,  
INDIVIDUAL AND NATIONAL;  
OR  
*The Past, the Present, and the Future*  
OF THE  
NORTH AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

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DEDICATED TO THE  
FREE-THINKERS AND PROGRESSIONISTS  
OF THE WORLD,  
BY WILLIAM BOYD, M. D.,

*423 Virginia Avenue, Washington, D. C.*

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AUGUST, 1867.

ervation from the wild beasts of the forest and the plain, and from the attacks of savage man ; to protect his mate and children ; and more especially to propagate his species, as there can be but little doubt that man in a wild and barbarous state would more fully develop his generative functions in the natural way. But as time rolled on, and man became more developed, reason also became more active, and having an analytic mind he naturally asked himself the question, Who has the right to take what I gather or make ? Yea, I will kill him who dares to take what is mine. Hence the right of self-defence ; the same of Nations as of Individuals.

As animal food became scarce and hard of pursuit, man, having reflection, naturally reflected on his situation, and went in quest of other material : hence man's discovery of vegetable food and the different arts of agriculture, and the production of more than enough to sustain life in any one given year.

And as man not only had reflection, but invention and arrangement, hence his discovery of the proper uses of the Pulley, the Screw, and the Wedge, and the Wedge as a lever. Hence the great Galileo of old said : " Give me a fulcrum upon which to rest a lever and I could move the World." As it is in the mechanical, so it is in the moral, physical, and political world. Demosthenes only needed the moral opportunity, and by his vast powers of eloquence he moved all minds with whom he came in contact. So with Moses, (of Sinai,) Caesar, Christ, Paul, Cromwell, Napoleon, Pitt, Brougham, Vincent, Russell, Bright, Cobden, Adams, Clay, Webster, and a host of others.

But to go back to man in his agricultural capacity, the question naturally arises, Has he a right to the soil so that he may cultivate it ? And the answer comes spontaneously, Yes, he has a right to cultivate it and hold it in fee simple for future generations, just so long as he continues to cultivate ; but the moment he undertakes to plant poisonous weeds therein only, so that it will become

useless or an injury to mankind, or throws it out of cultivation, then his right to hold, sell, devise, or bequeath ceases from that moment; since others must come after him who will need land to till, that they *too* may grow food for themselves and posterity.

Consequently a Nation has no right that an Individual has not, and therefore no right to sell or bequeath the Public Domain.

Earth, air, water, and light are the gifts of a bounteous nature to the animal world: therefore no man has a right to shut out the sunlight; to lock up all the beautiful rivulets, and make them cease to flow, that all men may die of starvation and thirst; neither to command the moistening dews to keep in an elevated position, that they may not descend to cool the growing vegetable, so that it may in turn enter into the composition of man and thereby become a living and a thinking agent.

Neither hath *man* nor Nations a right to fence in the *World's Domain*, and let no one live thereon or cultivate but those only who are able and who purchase the right, or upon whom the Nation may choose to bestow the privilege to hold or to cultivate. If the Nation has the right to dispose of the Public Domain by sale or by bequest, it also has the right to issue its edict that no man shall plant his grain or till the soil, so that all the Nation may die.

It is therefore man's right clearly, within the meaning of the above moral and logical deductions, first, to breathe pure air; secondly, to drink pure water: and thirdly, to cultivate the soil wherever there is room for him upon the face of the Globe, so that he may live by its natural productions. Hence the cosmopolitan doctrine of a "citizen of the world." And therefore man's "right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," not merely in this hemisphere, but in all the World.

It was only when the cunningness of man became so developed by analytic reasoning that he thought of tell-

ing his neighbors, whom he knew to be afraid of him, that he would protect and not rob them, if they made him an annual contribution. That was the commencement of the first Ruler. After a while and the Rulers found it easy and taught their sons to follow in their footsteps, and many of them did so. And again, after a while, and yet another class of Rulers appeared, who by their shrewdness had observed that there was a tendency in man to believe in the wonderful and the marvelous, so they got up the mystic idea that they had seen things in a way that no other men could see but themselves, and by giving it out that they had dreams by night and visions by day, and by talking smartly, that they could overawe and make the people afraid, and make them believe anything that they might choose to say. The latter class also found that the desire for the wonderful was of easy development, and therefore built temples to meet in; and by and by it also became easy and profitable to its originators, and they, more than the others, made the greater pretensions; and therefore it *too* had to find a name, so they called it sacred.

And as man became more developed in his moral, intellectual, and reflecting faculties and physical stamina, the more did the shrewd and reflecting develop their plans to rule the many; hence the pretended divine right of Kings to rule.

But it so happens that if man could use his genius for evil, he could also use his genius for good; hence the important question, Who gave the right to rule? And man soliloquizes with himself, Have I not a right to help say who shall be my Rulers? And the little germ of Democracy gets turned over and over in the man's cranium until it has become a living principle, and he then communicates the idea to some confidential friend, and it gets still further communicated, until some great hero sees something in it much greater than the power of Kings.



Therefore the first battle-field of any *note* where the divine right of **Kings** was questioned was that of "Gibeon, where the Israelites had a great triumph over their foes, and gained possession of what they supposed to be the Promised Land." "And also the battle-field of Marathon, where the noble Greeks routed the hosts of Persia and preserved the freedom of their country." "And Bannockburn, noted for the defeat of the English by the Scotch army, under Bruce," where that noble people achieved immortal honor and almost perpetual independence by their heroic deeds of valor.

"Nor can we forget the noble struggles between despotism and freedom, in almost all ages of their history, by the noble people of Switzerland, who, by their better nature, and thoughts of right, and noble aspirations for free government, have given a perpetual legacy of free institutions to all future generations." "Neither must we forget Yorktown, the crowning struggle of the Revolutionary War, for independence of government on this, our beautiful continent."

#### THE SLAVE-HOLDERS' REBELLION.

Neither can we, nor ought we to forget the gigantic struggles through which we have just passed; where nearly one million of hero martyrs have fallen a living sacrifice to despotism—for the preservation of all that is holy, noble, and great. "The graves of the martyrs are the seeds of liberty: and liberty is holy." But while we deplore so great a sacrifice for the cause of human liberty, we cannot but exult that, by the costly sacrifice, we have made five millions of human beings forever free.

In every age of the World, and in every country, heroes have been found equal to the emergency. So it is that we hear of a Tell, a Cromwell, a Washington, and a Lincoln.

We hear also of Alexander the Great, surnamed the Great because of his conquering qualities. If he was

great because of his great valor, or because of his being a wholesale murderer, and because he had no more worlds to conquer, then how much greater was the *man* who made five millions of slaves forever free, and then paid the martyr's price, by falling a living sacrifice to the madness of human bondage. Thus sealing forever with the stamp of glory, the martyr Lincoln, (the Greater,) the embodiment of true greatness, the man of worth, honesty, purity, integrity, and true patriotism, as well as Freedom's true representative. From his tomb shall arise the leaven of free thought and true liberty; that liberty whose name is Holy.

And also sealing forever with the stamp of infamy, the assassin Booth, as the meanest of all assassins in the World's history. The meanest, because his victim was the representative of all that was noble and great in man. And he himself, the embodiment of all meanness, villainy, cupidity, selfishness, wickedness, barbarity, retrogression, avarice, wounded pride, malice, hatred, revenge, and the expiring and last struggle of the demon of black and white slavery; rotten to its core; (in la coreza, du la coreza); yea, in its heart of hearts, and while in the zenith of its madness, supposed it could change the great pulsations of freedom to that of gloating over so foul a deed:—yes, a crime without a parallel in the World's history.

On him the curses of the ransomed millions hath already fallen; on him the contempt, the hate, the scorn, and the execrations of the present and the future, shall surely fall with unmistakable certainty.

And, oh! how beautiful the thought, yea, how majestically doth the prophetic panorama of the future of this Republic appear to the right thinking mind.

When, in the future ages, youth and silver-bearded sages will make pilgrimages to the grave of the martyred hero, Lincoln, there to learn the grand lesson of manhood, and to drink from the never-failing fountain of freedom to all.

Then, brothers, be not deceived. As it is with Individuals, so it is with Nations. The individual right is also a nation's right.

Feeling assured that I have clearly shown the rights of man, in the individual man, so also with the nation. Then all men have a right to enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; when, by the enjoyment of the above-numerated rights, they do not destroy the rights of others. Man has therefore a right to labor, and enjoy its fruits; a right to the productions of the soil, if he be a producer, if a non-producer, no right to *have* or eat that which other men make; a right to discover the easiest methods of labor; a right to conceive, invent, and construct the most approved methods of labor-saving machinery; but like earth, air, water, and light, they also should be free, for the obvious and simple reason that no man lives forever, neither can he live for himself alone, although he may think so in his narrow selfishness.

Then all machinery, like land, air, water, and light, ought to be free, and ought to be held in fee-simple for future generations; that is, ought to be held by the State for man's benefit. And as machinery gets multiplied and improved, the less absolute labor man would have to perform, probably not more than two hours per day. He would then have plenty of time for mental, moral, and physical recreation.

Man has a right also to believe and practice whatever notions of a religious or moral character he pleases, or at whatever cost he may choose; but neither the individual man, nor the nation, has a right to enforce obedience to what they may believe to be a heaven-born standard of religion. I believe, and I think with good reason, that there should be no religious formulas of any kind; and more especially, if it should appear that there was one dissenting voice; that is, one voice against the enforcement of any religious dogma in the public schools, such as the reading of any particular book, or any other for-

mula that might have a tendency to disable the free-thinker from sending his or her children to school where such formulas are observed. Since our Republic is made up of every variety of thinkers in the world, religious formulas ought not to be tolerated under any pretence whatever, because they tend to slavery of thought.

Nay, more; it may therefore be held, from previous conclusions, that the tillers of the soil, and the producers of the material comforts, and wealth, are the true nobles of the earth: and that, if any have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuits of happiness, they have that right. It is, therefore, to me, clearly doubtful whether non-producers ought to enjoy any of the above-enumerated rights at all. If I am asked who they are, I will answer their names are legion, and an incubus to any people; they are those who live by theatricals, mountebanks, the manufacturers of, and venders of, alcoholic liquors, and tobacco, in all their forms, and Presidents, who do nothing but write vetoes, and clog the wheels of Government. With me such creatures are utterly useless, nor do I see their right even to life itself. Much less do I see any claim that a Traitor has to any of the above-enumerated rights. He is not only in the class of non-producers, but has been guilty of every crime known to man, such as common theft, house-breaking, arson, murder, treason—all of these by wholesale. Then where is his “right to life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness.” If there is such a thing as a man forfeiting such rights, then he, above all others, has forfeited every right to life.

“Be not deceived by idle words.” Liberty is not a mere placard to satisfy the idle and the curious by reading it at the corners of the streets. It is a living power, felt within and around us; it is the protecting genius of the domestic hearth; the safeguard of all our social and political rights; yes, it is the first of these rights. And the oppressor who clothes himself with the name of liberty is the worst of oppressors. He joins falsehood to tyranny.

injustice to profanation, and sacrifices truth on the altar of perjury; for the name of Liberty is holy." "Guard against such men who say, liberty, liberty, and destroy it by their works." They are traitors, and deserve neither life nor happiness.

Sometimes "the desire for preferment in a Republic will make men lie, that they may obtain position; and when once obtained will be guilty of every subterfuge to retain their position. In this we have a good example afforded us in the illustrious Tennessee Moses, who declared "he would be the bondman's protector," and lead him through the Red Sea of oppression to the Canaan of human freedom:" that he would hang traitors; but instead thereof, he now proposes to fatten them at the public expense by putting them upon the muster-roll of his famous Bread-and-butter Brigade, so that their fatness may be seen by the people and the loyal men of Congress, whom he is pleased to call Northern traitors. Such is the latter-day Tennessee "Moses, who leads his people through the Red Sea of oppression," by promises only, and who, instead of fulfilling (them) his promises, he so baffles the people on their way that he hopes to annihilate them. But I suppose if they wait long enough, until their ranks are sufficiently thinned by the murderous attacks of the rebel minions of slavery, and until Moses the Second becomes the leader of the second Slaveholders' Rebellion, or in other words the Rebellion of the Democracy, as Jeff. Davis was of the first, he will save them; but only as he would meat for their foes.

And so great is the contrast between the lamented late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the President by chance, Andy Johnson, that the former was too honest to live, and the latter too dishonest to die. The former doing good to all, even his enemies; the latter pretending great friendship to his former friends, but always giving permanence of place to the worst of wool-dyed rebels. The one an honest man, who tells you just what he means; the

other like the hangman, who tells his victim that he only wants to examine his cravat, but at the same moment slips the noose over his victim's head and then strangles him.

Oh! mercy, Moses.

What a modern fancy Moses!

Is he therefore not the embodiment of caprice, hypocrisy, and double-dyed egotism? He is not, therefore, the representative of the Nation's greatness, but the embodiment of, and a conglomerate mass of, all meanness, as exhibited in one identity.

Oh! you modern fancy Moses:  
You make us hold our noses.

This Moses bears comparison to but one man of any *note*. And in what lies his fame? In perjury and corruption. Can a free people, who believe in national and in individual right, follow where he leads? *No*. Our mission is to form and to perpetuate a Republic such as nowhere else exists; such as will represent every individual right, no matter how humble the peasant: a Republic that will never stoop to kiss the feet of any rotten Dynasty or perjured Potentate, as the bogus Southern Confederacy did to the perjured, corrupt, and rotten Louis Napoleon, that it might form an alliance with the most corrupt and incorrigible scoundrel that ever held the destinies of the enlightened and generous people of France—a people through whom, by their mighty revolutions, the peoples of the Earth caught the watchword of universal liberty.

#### THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLIC.

If we may judge anything by appearances, and if we may have hope in the loyal millions to do their duty, and to do justice to individual right, the future of this Republic will be of that stamina that the Nations of the Earth will fear her power and respect her greatness.

Then shall Potentates know that Democracy is not a failure !

Then, in that merry, hopeful time,  
 So full of poesy and sweet rhyme ;  
 Then, when the ransomed, untold millions,  
 With merry hearts, shall dance their cotillions ;  
 Yea, when the millions, in their might,  
 Shall have established every right :  
 And when Democratic knavery  
 And the hydra-monster, Slavery,  
 With all their concomitant ills  
 Of rotten Confederate mudsills,  
 That in the White House generate,  
 And in the shape of vetoes emanate,  
 Shall, by the votes of the weak and stout,  
 Be from the White House clean'd out ;  
 Then, from the valley and mountain peak,  
 The voice of man shall speak  
 The words of truth and goodness,  
 Instead of beastly Southern rudeness,  
 Declare one Country and one home,  
 From the Frigid to the Torrid Zone,  
 And say, by gesture, voice, and song,  
 That all to one Country belong :  
 Yes, from Maine to the Pacific Ocean—  
 That peculiar Yankee notion,  
 A thing that Andy cannot see—  
 That all are equal and free.

Thus will Slavery and Southern knavery,  
 With all its inflated and boasted bravery,  
 and a bogus Democracy, with all its attendant evils, be  
 brought to an end, and thus wipe out forever, by a  
 mighty avalanche of free opinion and universal suffrage  
 —an individual right—one of the foulest stains ever  
 attached to a Nation calling itself free.

Then, not till then, will the Nations of the Earth bow  
to thy greatness and fear thy power, when the canker-  
worm of Slavery, with all its concomitant ills, shall have  
been at an end.

And by the fulcrum of moral might  
Put Slavery forever out of sight,  
And by the votes of the loyal and free  
Send Andy back to Tennessee.

\*La mas ũnica, buen pechō; a la President.

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\* The greatest good will to the President.



KING ANDY'S

BIOGRAPHY;

OR

ANDREW JOHNSON'S

SOLILOQUY;

OR

HIS COMPLETE CONFESSION OF SHIELDING  
SECESSION AND MODE OF AGGRESSION.

---

By WILLIAM BOYD, M. D.



# King Andy's Biography;

OR

ANDREW JOHNSON'S SOLILOQUY.

---

The first, and the most important thing,  
Am I President, or am I King?  
I have another question to decide,  
And which wounds my Tennessee pride—  
I'm called by the Radicals a sot;  
Am I President, or am I not?  
The loyal Congress has laid a plan  
To kill or cure me as a man.  
I thought when first the reigns I took,  
That all men would to Andy look.  
I had a highly spirited notion,  
That by a bullet I got promotion;  
That the people were in so great a scare,  
That I could act a little unfair.  
I have been very much flattered,  
And politically bespattered;  
By every man my name was utter'd,  
And by still younger lips was mutter'd,  
I felt a little more elated  
And often very much inflated;

But then had I not a perfect right,  
 If I kept my drinking out of sight,  
 I know on inauguration day  
 I was a shade or two that way;  
 But then I do most sincerely think  
 That Presidents have a right to drink.  
 What a Statesman so bright and frisky,  
 Without the help of good old whisky;  
 Or so famous a Statesman tell a lie  
 Without the aid of good old rye:  
 As well expect my goose to float,  
 Or to clear a Tailor's musky throat,  
 Without something strong and warm,  
 I know it acts like a charm.  
 Well then I do most surely think,  
 I have a right to take a drink:  
 An Ass has a right to bray,  
 And a Statesman a right to say  
 What is—or is not a law:—  
 Whether he is made of whisky or straw.  
 Ah! that's the peculiar rub,  
 They call me a whisky tub:  
 Some almost get in a quarrel,  
 And contend I'm a whisky barrel:  
 Some say they actually think  
 I'm so full of rum I can't wink:  
 But they talk without rhyme or reason:  
 I only take a little in season;  
 When I feel a little weak and flat  
 I throw a little under my hat.  
 A man who wants the people to fear him,  
 Must take a little drop to cheer him,  
 Now and then a little sip—  
 Stiffens a fellow's upper lip.  
 While I the office of President hold  
 I'll have a little if it be sold.  
 If I didn't take a little periodical—

I'd be bother'd by every Radical.  
 Every one of these Temp'rance people  
 Are as stiff as a church steeple;  
 And they'r Radical to the core,  
 And think me a perfect bore;  
 And I've sometimes heard them mutter,  
 I'm worse than a sow in the gutter—  
 And when a Tennessee dandy,  
 Even then I lik'd my brandy.  
 I have done what I could to be free,  
 By being on a perpetual spree—  
 I thought I'd be jovial and merry,  
 If I took a little drop of Cherry;  
 I thought certain success I'd meet  
 If every Rebel and Cop. I'd treat.  
 An idea got into my head,  
 That if old Lincoln was dead,  
 And a few more out of the way,  
 I and my friends could—stay—  
 By making perpetual strife,  
 At the White House all my life,  
 And drink Rum, Gin, and Brandy—  
 As well as when a dandy;  
 And so I wink'd my Eagle eye,  
 And poor old Lincoln had to die.  
 I tried it on a few more cusses,  
 Who were always making fusses,  
 But, somehow or other,  
 I was in such a bother,  
 I could'nt make it tell,  
 So I let it go to H—ll.  
 Then I got hold of the good old ship,  
 And had another good old sip:  
 I open'd business right off—  
 With the eloquence of a Gough.  
 For me many apologies were made,  
 My drunkenness kept in the shade;

Deputations from far and near  
 Came to drop a historic tear  
 Over the Nation's fate,  
 And heap their blessings on my pate.  
 Being then the Nation's Chief  
 I tried to show much grief.  
 Once, while on the spree,  
 Away out in Tennessee,  
 I promised to break down oppression,  
 And drive out secession:  
 And all believed me loyal,  
 If not indeed most Royal.  
 But I made a bargain out South,  
 And sealed it with my mouth;  
 That I'd help the Northern Doughfaces,  
 By declaring a war of Races:  
 So I got up the plan,  
 And got the Arsenal to a man—  
 The best of wool-dyed Rebels,  
 Without any if's—or but's—or quibbles—  
 To come within my reach:  
 That I might make my speech:  
 And so I hung on the verge of madness,  
 And had to drink to keep down sadness.  
 I declared the Congress but a rump—  
 And gave old Thad. a heavy thump:  
 But echo came right back to me,  
 Hullo'ing, Andy of Tennessee.  
 I suppose it meant by such a jump,  
 That King Andy was but rump:  
 So then indeed, upon my soul,  
 I drown'd my sorrow in a bowl.  
 I thought I'd veto every bill,  
 And thus I'd keep the Rebels still:  
 I pardon'd every old sinner,  
 As well as every new beginner.  
 So I acted a little nnfair,

And reconstruction did declare :  
 Without calling an extra Session  
 To finish up Secession.  
 Well, I thought it was time,  
 For a Tailor to be sublime :  
 And in a portentous hour,  
 I declared I had the power  
 To reconstruct the South,  
 And so declared by word of mouth.  
 I commanded Perry, Holden, and other snakes,  
 To steer the Engines; but put on the brakes :  
 And to have the things less nasty,  
 I issued my famous Amnesty;  
 And by my simple word of mouth,  
 Reconstructed all the South :  
 I thought it only fair  
 To give them a chance to swear.  
 With me 'twas mighty easy,  
 I had things good and greasy :  
 I joined the Church in early life,  
 And was educated by my wife  
 To talk loudly—to read and spell.  
 I've call'd monopolies II-II.  
 I said in proper season,  
 That men convicted of Treason  
 Should be hung as high as Haman :  
 And all the North hollo'd Amen.  
 To make things easier still,  
 I put the pardons through the mill :  
 Thousands were pardoned every day,  
 For which I got good pay.  
 Then some Southern loyal cusses,  
 Who were always a making fusses,  
 Saw 'twas but a game of bluff,  
 And soon hollo'd enough.  
 Some fellow spoke out much greater,  
 And called me a big old Traitor :

Because I kept Congress from bringing  
 Rebels to a state of swinging.  
 The White House seed began to grow—  
 And “My Policy” began to show,  
 And bloody riot and strife  
 Throughout the land were rife :  
 I thought Sheridan’s telegram—  
 Might create some alarm ;  
 And to have it a little brighter  
 I made it something lighter.  
 I declar’d Reb. Johnnys had a right,  
 To be all pardon’d on sight,  
 And Congress might as well begin ;  
 They would be forced to take them in.  
 I had command of all the forces  
 And all the country’s resources,  
 And old Radical Thadd.  
 Made me feel so bad :  
 I denounced him as a Traitor ;  
 When I knew I was a greater,  
 Than the Johnnys of the South—  
 But it got out of my mouth.  
 Oh ! how wretched, nobody greater,  
 The Radicals have mark’d me a Traitor.  
 I remember I had the pluck—  
 To call Forney a dead duck ;  
 And then that old Radical pest,  
 Old Brownlow of the West,  
 Had to put in his spoon ;  
 And I heard from him soon :—  
 That Tennessee had killed slavery,  
 And all the White House knavery ;  
 Like a clear ton’d bell in a fog,  
 Call’d King Andy a dead dog.  
 Then I had a new invention,  
 I mean my Aug-ust Convention :  
 A huge informal conclave



Of Traitor, Rebel, and Knave.  
 They all obey'd my order,  
 From the centre to the border :  
 From Maine to the Pacific  
 They thunder'd most terrific.  
 The Committees gave me a call,  
 And I felt myself quite tall—  
 I wanted to have an extra sip,  
 And I went on a Western trip,  
 To pay my homage to Douglas,  
 The little Democratic bugle-ass.  
 As an extoller of knavery,  
 Or the hydra-monster, slavery,  
 He never had an equal  
 Except I, who am the sequel.  
 I tried to make Democrats in mass,  
 And send the Radicals to grass;  
 But the great Western people,  
 Some as tall as a church steeple,  
 Gave a most serious quiz  
 Right into my bloated phiz.  
 Before I could get my breath  
 Some hollo'd, How's Jeff?  
 Some would more words bandy,  
 And call me traitor Andy.  
 I took it all in good part;  
 I have a real spirited heart :  
 While the demijohn is near  
 I think I needn't fear :  
 I feel as merry as a cricket  
 While I can turn the spigot.  
 To rule the Convention was the puzzle,  
 So I issued my famous muzzle.  
 Everybody was saying hark,  
 But the dogs couldn't bark.  
 The people were very much tickled --  
 To see such curious fish pickled ;

But I had put on the salt,  
 Made out of good old malt,  
 And when a little dry  
 I applied a little old rye.  
 Well, I swung the circle round,  
 And then returned to town,  
 The Metropolis of the Nation,  
 And made a grand narration  
 To every pup and crone,  
 Who hung around my throne.  
 Rebs. and Copps. were out in glee  
 To give a welcome to me ;  
 But I felt a little sour—  
 The Rads. were gaining every hour.  
 I thought it an awful pity  
 They had been to the Brotherly City ;  
 There they declared suffrage impartial—  
 Rebs. and Copps. still under old martial ;  
 That the *Habeas Corpus* they'd suspend,  
 And thus to Rebellion put an end ;  
 That every Reb. they would disable,  
 Or dance them on a cable ;  
 That no pardoned cut-throat  
 Should be allowed to vote.  
 I vetoed bills by the half-score,  
 Yet I had to veto one more ;  
 That was an awful pill—  
 That old Military Bill ;  
 And what kill'd me so dead,  
 They pass'd it over my head,  
 And I had no excuse to rule,  
 And look'd just like a fool ;  
 So I was forced to think,  
 And I took another drink ;  
 I had to gasp and puff—  
 I know I had enough.  
 When Fred. Douglass made his call

I felt myself quite small,  
 And I'm honest enough to say,  
 That from that very day,  
 Although I can't explain,  
 My power began to wane.  
 I thought I'd struck the spark,  
 But I tumbled in the dark.  
 I knew I was a big sinner,  
 Yet I hop'd to be the winner.  
 My iron goose I couldn't pick,  
 And I tried another trick;  
 I thought the meat was tender—  
 'Twasn't the old gray gander;  
 'Twas the sweetest kind of fish,  
 From Governor Swann's dish;  
 And by a military inspection  
 We had a triumphant election.  
 I hoped "My Policy" was carried,  
 And Radicalism was buried;  
 But to my utter dismay  
 They had made another display—  
 A thing I do hate to mention—  
 The late September Convention;  
 There Fred. made a free speech,  
 And far beyond my reach;  
 Miss Dickinson gave me fits,  
 And put me to my wits.  
 The former spoke of Moses,  
 And everybody held their noses;  
 The latter spoke in caustic pride,  
 To lay old Andy aside.  
 Between them they used me up,  
 So I had another cup,  
 And, being on my swing,  
 It was quite an easy thing;  
 I believ'd, with Aristotle,  
 In the right to crack a bottle.

I thought I had the Rads. all beat,  
 And had the Sceptre at my feet;  
 The thing I thought I had  
 Was spoil'd by Old Thadd.  
 The loyal Congress found a treasure  
 In the Reconstruction measure.  
 My vetoes were but a waste,  
 And issued in very bad taste;  
 They only recoil'd upon my head,  
 And informed me I was dead;  
 That in eighteen sixty-eight  
 The Rads. would seal my fate;  
 That "Equal Suffrage" in the South  
 Would effectually close my mouth—  
 Would kill the Rebs. and Copps. outright,  
 And put "My Policy" out of sight.  
 Well, I'm but a tailor at best,  
 And my faults I have confess'd;  
 I think the chance is rather slim—  
 For an iron goose to swim,  
 Or give a sufficient reason,  
 Why I pardoned treason.  
 Well, well, I'm in a fog:  
 They call me a dead dog:  
 I'm a real living Autocrat—  
 Oh yes! I mean a Democrat.  
 I think I can fix a plan;  
 I'll call myself the People's man;  
 I'll send new teachers into school,  
 And call every man a fool—  
 Who cannot sing my Rebel song:  
 That Rebs. and Copperheads belong  
 To the party of Human Rights,  
 But who in war-time never fights—  
 Yet in peace hoists the Lone Star,  
 And whoops and hollos for war;  
 That the Radicals are now

Driving the National plow;  
 That the land e'en now is rife;  
 That sectional and National strife  
 Will be rampant evermore,  
 From the lakes to the shore.  
 I hope to persuade or rule  
 Every Democratic tool;  
 I hope to keep the faithful together,  
 And hold them as with a tether.  
 I've got one very good thing—  
 I have got Horace on my string;  
 He help'd me let old Jeff' out,  
 Which makes me feel quite stout.

La militaire I want to stuff,  
 Du-la-mellier Francque snuff;  
 Napy's ideas I want to ape,  
 And bring my Country into shape;  
 I'll hire Mr. and Mrs. Toodle,  
 Just fresh from Swampoodle;  
 I'll open the next campaign—  
 By a lovely dose of Champagne:  
 I'll get every Johnny on my side,  
 And have a triumphant ride;  
 I'll have enough to make me burst,  
 When I'm called Andy the First.  
 If the Rads. don't spoil my play,  
 I'll have everything to say.  
 I've got the opinion of my Attorney  
 To help me on my journey.  
 I vetoed the Military Bill—  
 It was pass'd against my will;  
 I'll try to make it null  
 By issuing my bull;  
 By my Executive power  
 I'll kill it in an hour.  
 I hope the Rads. can't reach me,

Nor Jim Ashley impeach me;  
 Then no man will be greater—  
 I'll be a real Dictator;  
 I'll be of some renown,  
 And wear a kingly crown.  
 If Old Thadd. and party  
 Don't make another sortie—  
 And take my power away,  
 I can at the White House stay.  
 But the black men have got a vote—  
 I can feel it in my throat;  
 They won't take my word of mouth—  
 That kills me in the South.  
 I told them I'd their Moses be,  
 And lead them through the sea,  
 Right into the promised land,  
 Where old Jeff' would have command.  
 I thought I could them deceive,  
 And laugh at them up my sleeve;  
 But they're full of cussed sharpness,  
 If they are incased in darkness.  
 The last election proves them greater  
 Than I, who am a traitor.  
 My political shinplasters,  
 Have only led to disasters.  
 I made some well-tim'd scratches  
 By garbling Phil's dispatches.  
 When riots occur'd in the South  
 I never opened my mouth,  
 Only to darken and to twist,  
 To befog, to make a mist,  
 To darken the clear and plain,  
 And give to the Johnnys again—  
 Other and better chances still  
 Southern Loyalists to kill;  
 But this Bill of Reconstruction  
 Will bring me to destruction;

'Twill every Rebel disable,  
 And put me on the table;  
 'Twill elevate the colored race,  
 And bring me to disgrace.  
 Manhood suffrage I did oppose:  
 And I said, and did suppose,  
 That colored men would brighter grow.  
 That Rebs. and Copps. would fall below.  
 The Rads. all say the Country's salvation  
 Depends upon their elevation;  
 I couldn't then be a speculator  
 In the business of a Dictator,  
 But lie away and rust,  
 Or like a serpent crawl in dust.

I had my brothers Johnny to please,  
 And the radical North to tease:  
 I had the Carolinas to save,  
 So I visited Pappy's grave;  
 I thought dictation was rather dull,  
 And I'd give the Rads. another pull.  
 If my nominees were suspended  
 "My Policy" would be ended,  
 And my chances for re-election  
 Wouldn't bear inspection,  
 And I had to get up and go  
 To Boston for another show;  
 I thought it no scandal—  
 To take the advice of Randall:  
 To have a Northern trip,  
 And manufacture more lip.  
 I had my Templars all ready,  
 To keep my nerves all steady;  
 They're men of my own heart—  
 Always ready when I start:  
 To talk a little in season,  
 And enlighten the heathen,

Or give them a little rub,  
 At the Massachusetts Hub.  
 The State that pays some tax,  
 By the consumption of wax;  
 The home of the great and brave,  
 Who refused to return the slave,  
 Or recognize its barbaric power,  
 Or help it for a single hour;  
 The van-guards of the free—  
 Randall, 'twill kill you and me.  
 Down there I can't get my drink,  
 And I'll not be able to think—  
 I've been so used to a little drop,  
 It will make my thinking stop:  
 That will give me thunder;  
 I know I'll make a blunder:  
 Should they ask me Where's Old Jeff?  
 I'll have to be a little deaf.  
 If I can't find my bitters,  
 I may some shoulder hitters;  
 If I can't persuade the Loyal,  
 I may make a few more Royal  
 Adherents to my Kingly plan,  
 To rule the Country by a man.  
 Yes, rule with the rod of Moses;  
 Just what Randall supposes.  
 Stanberry and I must work to kill  
 The Sherman Reconstruction Bill.  
 If Congress can't get a quorum,  
 I'll be the highest cockelorum.  
 I have a high, a big notion,  
 To rule from Maine to the Pacific Ocean:  
 Then my name will be spread afar,  
 And make me greater than a Czar:  
 By vetoing every important bill,  
 I can carry out my absolute will—  
 Unless Generals Phil. and Dan.



Say that I'm not the man—  
And can make no more disorders,  
By countermanding orders.

I thought Stanbery, my Lawyer,  
Was better than a common sawyer;  
That he could effectually puzzle,  
Or make a new prize muzzle,  
To hang on every General's mouth  
Throughout the Rebel South.  
But the Radical key-note was sounded,  
As the Eastern Hub I rounded;  
Like the rainbow in the cloud,  
I saw King Andy's shroud;  
So boldly Phil had spoken,  
It gave me such a token—  
He had spoken in such a mood,  
That every bird was hollo'ing good!  
Good! good! cried Echo all along;  
And every Rad. had joined in song.  
Oh! help me, help me Jeff,  
I am nearly out of breath;  
What can I do myself to save  
From this sure impending grave;  
"These flaming draughts" which fill my breath,  
Those cursed cups that bring sure death.  
Oh! these wailings that fill my brain,  
What? not to be elected again?  
Is there any one who supposes  
*That I am not a Second Moses*;  
If their heads are so muddy and thick,  
I can enlighten them very quick:  
I have been in office of every grade,  
And mix'd with people of every shade,  
From Tailor right up the ladder:  
And now I'm a White House Adder.  
I have stung the Rads. by the half-score,

And hope to live to sting a few more.  
 I'll take them by one, two, or three,  
 If the Radicals don't sting me.

There are Ashley, Thadd. Drake, and Sherman,  
 And each one, can preach a good sermon—  
 And the Judiciary Committee,  
 Who have never left the city.  
 They've kept in session right through,  
 And made me feel quite blue;  
 But then I gave my orders to Grant—  
 And just what the Johnnys want—  
 That Sheridan had no right to meddle.  
 Have'nt I a patent right to peddle?  
 Am I not one of the Southern braves?  
 Have'nt I wept o'er the Johnnys' graves?  
 Have'nt I talk'd with Fred. and his brothers,  
 And been social with their sisters and mothers?  
 In short it has been my life-long study,  
 To be everything to every body,  
 But the Radicals are such harpies,  
 They say I a'nt social with the darkies;  
 I know that many of them shun me,  
 And say that Douglas could outrun me.  
 'To this great question I have adverted,  
 I think I'll have to be converted,  
 But then the Rads. are mighty witty —  
 They'd spread it through every city,  
 That my conviction was'nt sincere,  
 And only resulted from fear:  
 And that it must be recollected  
 I only wanted re-elected,  
 And raise a National strife,  
 And be dictator all my life.  
 Now I'll take a good drink of Brandy,  
 And hollo hurrah! for King Andy;  
 I can drink until I burst,  
 When call'd King Andy the—First.

M Y M A R Y L A N D ;

OR

## The Slave-Holder's Soliloquy.

---

To free them ; or not to free them :  
That is the question.  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The stings and arrows of a slave-holding conscience,  
Or take up arms against old Jeff ;  
And by opposing him, to end slavery.  
To make slaves no more, and by  
Emancipation, end slavery, and the thousand  
Other ills the slave-holder is heir to.  
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd—  
To make slaves no more ; but perchance  
I might crave a yellow girl ;  
Aye, there's the rub—for in that  
Craving state what thoughts may come,  
When we have pledged ourselves to freedom,  
Must make us pause. There's the reason  
That makes slavery of so long-life.  
For who would bear the jeers and scoffs of  
Yankees, the slave's upbraiding, their  
Children's wretchedness, the pangs of  
Self-reproach, the bankrupt pocket,

The insolence of hangmen, and the spurns  
 That every Traitor must expect to meet,  
 When he himself might his quietus  
 Make by a mere swearing.\*  
 Who would all these torments bear, to groan  
 And sweat under this dreadful scourge :  
 But then the dread thought of working  
 When slavery's no more, and that  
 Stringent law, which he who makes must  
 Keep—puzzles the will, and makes us rather  
 Love the curse that blinds us, than to  
 Turn forever from its hateful grasp.  
 Thus slavery doth make bondmen of us all,  
 And thus for want of firm determination  
 The curse of slavery grows each day more  
 Binding, and resolutions of Freedom, of  
 However much moment, are drown'd in  
 Whisky, and forever thereafter  
 Lose the name of action.

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\* The Amnesty Oath.

# Sequel to Willie Dear,

MAY, 1860.

---

The original, of which this is a sequel, has but three verses, the reader will find four in my sequel.

Father, we do miss you.

Oh ! Father, where are you—dear?

Oh ! do, do, come home !!

Ah ! what is the matter dear :

We dread some awful fate :

And it would make our hearts rejoice  
To hear your welcome footsteps

And your own familiar voice ;

It would take away our fear,

It would dissipate our gloom ;

Oh ! father, we do miss you,

Oh ! do, do come home !!

We long to see you nightly,

Yes, we one and all—

While baby dances sprightly,

A sigh escapes us all.

The little ones do weep

Till the night is nearly past :

And as the Sun begins to peep,

They go to sleep at last.  
 How they listen'd for your voice,  
 'Till they found you could not come;  
 Oh! Father, we do miss you,  
 Oh! do, do come home!!

We are all sad without you,  
 At night we cannot sleep;  
 We all do long to see you,  
 Oh! Father, how we weep  
 Each night we weep and watch,  
 And we think we hear you say:  
 Oh! wait a little longer,  
 And I will wipe your tears away;  
 But our hearts grow sad again,  
 When we find you do not come;  
 Oh! Father, we do miss you,  
 Oh! do, do come home!!

Ah, yes! it is day again,  
 And we do not see you here;  
 Could we but press thy hand,  
 'Twould relieve us, father dear.  
 Oh! what a cruel foe—  
 Imprison'd they do you keep:  
 Oh! how acute our woe;  
 Ah! father, how we weep.  
 If they'd bring you back again—  
 'Twould make our hearts rejoice,  
 To hear your welcome footsteps—  
 And your own familiar voice;  
 But we are still sadder yet,  
 For we know you cannot come—  
 Oh! father, we do miss you,  
 And wish you were at home.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., MONDAY, Oct. 6, 1866.

MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON, *Philadelphia, Pa.*

DEAR MISS: Excuse the following tribute in honor of your thrilling and patriotic Address to the Loyal Southern Delegates, during recess of Convention, in National Hall, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 6th, 1866:

Must not your eloquence have shiver'd  
Impurities of thought as deliver'd;  
So immeasurably good and pure,  
Such eloquence was telling and sure.

All around me, both the weak and stout,  
Never ceased in the general shout:  
Never was approbation so deep—  
All loyal hearts did throb and beat;

Every being within that loyal Hall

Directed their voices to extol  
In frail woman, that, that makes true greatness—  
Counsel, encouragement, and sedateness;  
Keeness of thought, philosophy to spare,  
In maiden sweetness, and so rare:  
Nothing was left the Convention to do,  
Save adopt that deliver'd by you—  
On that memorable afternoon,  
Not to be forgotten very soon.

I hope the above Acrostic will be received in the same spirit in which it is written, I being a firm and unflinching advocate of Universal Liberty and Enfranchisement, without distinction of sex or complexion. I therefore hope your noble exertions in behalf of suffering Humanity will meet the constant approval of the friends of true Liberty.

Believe me, I have the honor to be, dear Miss, your humble and most obedient servant,

WM. BOYD, M. D.,  
*No. 423 Virginia avenue.*

[*True copy of answer to my note.*]

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Nov. 5, 1866.

Pardon this long delay, and believe me, though I express the fault, that I am none the less your most hearty debtor for the extremely kind poem and note which you were pleased to send me.

I am, with sincerest expressions of esteem,

Truly yours,

ANNA E. DICKINSON.

To W. M. BOYD, M. D.

[Letter of the Author, thirteen days before his release, which occurred October 4, 1861.]

U. S. P., WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., Sept. 21, 1861.

Hon. T. D. ELIOT, *Member Thirty-Seventh Congress.*

DEAR SIR: I was honored a few weeks ago by a perusal of your note to Mrs. Prof. Johnson concerning my case, which is before the Executive, in which you state that you have no doubt of the success of my case, and that, should I not be released in a week or two, to write you, and you would write to the Attorney General. I do not know whether that lady has written you since, but this I do know, that I am still in prison. My eldest son came to see me on Sunday, the 15th ult., and who brought me the sad news that his mother, two little brothers, and two little sisters, and an infant only two years of age, were all sick; his mother not able to give her baby a drink. They will soon be without the common necessities of life, and as he alone is the only one who is making anything, and that only \$4.50 per week, to keep seven of a family. When I know that such a poor pittance is entirely insufficient to even find the commonest articles of consumption, and that I am powerless to help them in their distress, no pen can write, no tongue describe the horrible anguish I feel. I therefore hope that you will consider the above as a sufficient apology for the liberty



I take in thus addressing you on the present occasion. I have reason to believe that, did the President know the real situation of my family and my proper character as a man, he would soon release me. I have lived for the last twenty years only to do my duty. I first learned what my duty was, and then performed that duty independently of all consequences. A man whose every year of his manhood has been one of honest industry and virtuous rectitude. A man whom none can say he has been guilty of one mean or dishonest act in the whole of his life, but only been *too* zealous in doing good. And for one single act of benevolence a cruel court tears me away from my family and my business, the support of my family; tries me by a barbarous and inhuman law, that legalizes the traffic in human blood, and makes virtue and benevolence a crime, and punishes me worse for an act of benevolence than some of the veriest criminals are punished for some of the most heinous crimes: when I ought to have received their praises, instead of their condemnation as a criminal. Those who know me best know me only as an example of honesty, frugality, industry, temperance, and republicanism. I do not say the above as egotistic boasting. I say what I have said because I know such to be the truth.

I hope you will therefore be kind enough to importune the Executive in my behalf again, so that I may be restored to my sick and forsaken family ere it be *too* late. My eldest daughter, a girl of nine years old, has been seized since my arrest of epileptic fits, which grow worse every day,\* and cannot be left five minutes at any one time without danger of physical injuries by frequent falls when thus seized. Add to such an affliction a serious illness, and you have an idea of the troubled mind of the mother, whose health of both mind and body have much

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\*At this writing she has nearly recovered, being now in her 15th year.

declined since my arrest. I doubt not but that her present sickness is the result of over-exertion of both mind and body, in her exertions to comfort her children and extricate me from prison.

Kind sir, I yearn once more to be free,  
And such a boon might e'en rest with thee.  
By one word you might break the spell,  
That keeps me in this horrid hell.  
Yes, your mere wish in language spoken—  
Might make these chains forever broken.  
Oh! whisper that *word* so full of magic,  
Whether in philosophy or in logic.  
Oh yes! speak that little wish, and give new life  
To a sorrowing husband and wife;  
Then our joys would be replete,  
And gladness gambol at our feet.

SEQUEL TO  
For Better, For Worse.

(THE ORIGINAL ONLY HAVING SIX VERSES.)

Composed in April of 1860 in Cell No. 1, U. S. Penitentiary, District of  
Columbia, when under sentence of 14 years for aiding George  
Ross and Wife to escape from Slavery.—W. B.

---

I took thee in thy youthful prime,  
The husband of my heart to be :  
I promis'd in my marriage vow,  
Forsaking all, to cling to thee.  
I vow'd thro' good and ill report  
That I would love, would serve, obey—  
Yes, e'en thro' sickness and thro' health.  
That vow I will renew to-day.

Leave thee when inmate of a worldly hell,  
When thinn'd thy form and pal'd thy cheek,  
When sorrow and this prison cell  
Hath made thy vigorous arm so weak?  
Leave thee when most thou needest  
Some gentle hand to fan thy brow,  
To soothe the fever in thy veins,  
And whisper that sweet, that marriage vow?

I will not leave thee, tho' the world  
 Hath call'd thee by a felon's name,  
 And scorn's cold finger points thee out  
 The worthless child of guilt and shame.  
 I will not leave thee tho' this cell  
 Be all the home thou call'st thine own,  
 Tho' wealth and honor, friends and fame,  
 At fate's dissolving touch hath flown.

I will not leave thee; no! in one heart  
 Faith in thy innocence remains;  
 And not one thought of cold distrust  
 Hath chill'd love's fever in my veins.  
 I hear the world condemn thee now,  
 And am convuls'd within my breast;  
 But did I not at the altar vow—  
 Forsaking all—to love thee best.

I could not leave thee did I know  
 That all the world's reproach were true;  
 That 'neath some great temptation's power  
 Thy mind had lost its native hue—  
 Had dyed itself in direct guilt,  
 Had plung'd without remorse in crime;  
 No, nor then would I forsake thee:  
 Never! I am thine, and thou art mine.

And tho' the world doth chide thee now,  
 Love whispers o'er thy name;  
 Renews that sweet, that marriage vow,  
 And will not, cannot, consent to blame.  
 In spite the world's condemning ire,  
 I here again love's pledge renew;  
 Oh! these pangs of loving fire,  
 They make me think of naught but you.

Death alone can disunite,  
 And claim us as his own;

Until then, we will unite,  
 To us unconstant is unknown.  
 Grim death's mandate will requite  
 A world of woes, of scoffs, and fears ;  
 'Twill change the day to endless night,  
 Relieve our labors, and trials, and tears.

And tho' our troubles and tears are many,  
 Our comforts and friends but few ;  
 And vie not the wealth of any,  
 Do naught but what is right and true.  
 Yet by stealth, and power, and might,  
 A wicked law doth claim ;  
 Without the shadow of a right—  
 A right to part, and make us twain.

A mere act of pure benevolence,  
 Is called by gargon and cant a crime ;  
 A theft, a larcency, a malevolence :  
 Cruel civilization of the time.  
 Sweet liberty for which our Fathers bled,  
 The Declaration of Independence ;  
 Alas ! they'r departed, lost, fled,  
 By Democratic superintendence.

Say not we hath liberty here,  
 'Tis a shadow, a phantom, a name ;  
 Slavery, knife, revolver, and spear,  
 Are but the symbols of our shame.  
 But dear husband weep no more,  
 Six pledges I have of thee ;  
 Better days may be in store,  
 If the barbarians will set you free.

For better, for worse, I gave thee my hand,  
 The companion of my heart to be ;  
 I left my home, my native land,  
 To live and die with thine and thee.

At every footstep do I start,  
 My weary hours hath no retreat ;  
 Oh ! I'm crush'd of a broken heart,  
 My misery is now replete.

And yet these clouds may break away,  
 That are gather'd around my home ;  
 This dreadful night be changed to day,  
 And my consort be brought home !  
 Panacea of my grief, my sorrow,  
 Come bright day that I may see ;  
 Oh ! restore him on the morrow,  
 That I may once embrace him free.

The above was accompanied by the following note :

I hope, dear Martha, you will not fail to appreciate my puny and faint attempt, in the above sequel, to paint and portray the awful calamity that has befallen you in consequence of my so unjust imprisonment for a mere act of humanity.

WM. BOYD, *M. D.*

A PORTRAITURE  
OF A  
**Brother's Hypocrisy;**  
OR, THE CHIEF OF HYPOCRITES.

---

As I cannot call you brother  
I'll have to make use of some—other  
Of corresponding indignity  
To show your infinite malignity.  
Hypocrite of hypocrites, and knave of knaves!  
Chief of persecutors, and king of slaves!  
A wife's doll, a priest's tool,  
The bigot's all, and doctor's fool;  
A bag of wind, a man of straw,  
A bigger fool these eyes ne'er saw,  
Than you, whom I now address—  
Or what I know of you express.  
Once you bore the semblance of truth,  
When I was but a sapling, a youth;  
But as you got in years, and older grew:  
That truthful visage from you flew.  
Then truth was pictured on your brow,  
But the why, and wherefore, cometh now.  
Now, to get a job, you'll be a knave—

And wish your brother to be a slave:  
 To the same almighty withering vice—  
 And to make him humble sacked him thrice.  
 'Twas but the cries of public shame—  
 That kept you from playing a deeper game.  
 Your will was good, but you lack'd the power—  
 You'r still the same, at this very hour:  
 A mean pettifogger, a dictator,  
 Or a self-opinionated faltering prater;  
 An egotist, a bigot, a fool,  
 A creeping, crawling snake, a tool—  
 For knavish priests to use at pleasure,  
 To serve their ends—or bring them treasure.  
 To please the avarice of a selfish wife,  
 You belie the greatest duties of your life;  
 Denounce your brother as a wicked fabricator?  
 A malevolent, vicious, cruel calumniator?  
 When—in truth, you know you'r wrong,  
 And that to no such order I belong.  
 Yet, for the sake of paltry glittering dust,  
 You've allow'd your early nobleness to rust—  
 Noble sentiments inculcated by our mother,  
 To make every man a welcome—brother.  
 Yes, you've belied and broken every vow—  
 And how much better are you for it now:  
 Would not e'en your pillow shed a tear,  
 If it knew the wretch it had to bear.  
 Think of it, you echo of a thousand fools,  
 Tutor'd by Orthodoxy at their schools.  
 Think of it, you selfish, grasping tyrant,  
 That you tried to crush—a young aspirant.  
 Think of it, that in your pretence to do me good,  
 You kept me from getting my mental food.  
 Like a fish without water from day to day,  
 I could not within a narrow circle stay:  
 I then, of course, was but another victim:



Of religious malice, hatred, and dictum.  
 But Oh! how sweet it was to be—  
 From all such dogmatisms free.  
 Think you I was formed to be your slave,  
 Or to do the bidding of a tyrant knave;  
 Think you, was it right, or just, or good—  
 To try to stop my mental food;  
 Think you, was it right to rob me so,  
 And say that in *public* I should'nt go,  
 To advocate a right Divine—  
 That the people were not herd's of swine.  
 But, like many other twaddlers of the day,  
 You arrogate the right to sway—  
 The sceptre of thought o'er a brother,  
 His finer feelings and conscience to smother.  
 If your meanness only ended here,  
 You might expiate it with a tear;  
 But no, the unblushing lies you tell,  
 Are in this world without a parallel.  
 'Twas because I dared to think, and freely act,  
 That you tried to crush my intellect.  
 If I had been a wretched drunken sot,  
 Or had a mind like you, not worth a groat.\*  
 Then, in truth, you might have interfer'd,  
 And by the world have been rever'd.  
 As it is, our name is stained—  
 Indeed 'twas for what you gain'd.  
 In pounds, shillings, and pence—  
 That you made such inglorious pretence.

As your duncely brain cannot this moral learn,  
 Then, instead of principle, you follow men:  
 And when ask'd your influence to give,  
 That freedom and progression might live:  
 Your conscience is ignored for money,  
 And your lips, and your tongue all honey,

---

\* Trioboli Homo.

And many apologies are made,  
 Of the sacrifices to your trade—  
 The meanest and lowest passion of all—  
 Carries you captive at its call.  
 Oh! what putrid and moral leanness,  
 As exhibited in such meanness;  
 'Tis a cancer, deep in the Orthodox heart,  
 From which I fear it can never depart.  
 It has used the rope, and stake, and fire,  
 And sacrificed thought, in deepest ire:  
 It is a frightful chasm of corruption,  
 And leads—but to moral destruction.  
 'Tis true for a short time you treated me well,  
 Better than by pencil or tongue I could tell;  
 But as soon, as your bidding I could not obey,  
 Symptoms of tyranny you seemed to betray:  
 Had your bidding been either just or polite,  
 I would have obeyed as a matter of right;  
 But when with my conscience you interfer'd,  
 Surely you did not expect to be rever'd;  
 If so, your vanity and sense were on a par,  
 And much resembled an Ape—if not a star:  
 Your impudence and sense were about equal,  
 In incorrigible meanness without an equal.

Dogged wretch, apostate, knave,  
 Could I e'er crouch and be your slave?  
 No! this mind with all its convolutions—  
 Was never formed to have such evolutions!

Your brother,

WILLIAM BOYD, M. D.

## EXPLANATION

TO

# Chief of Hypocrites.

---

After a lapse of nearly eighteen years, in the month of February last I received a letter from my brother, the subject of the above Poem, "The Chief of Hypocrites," which was written in the City of New York, in 1850. I have certainly given him plenty of time for calm reflection on his past conduct, and he seems to have come to a very reasonable conclusion when he says "Upon reflection, I have come to the conclusion that I am to blame for our disagreement, as I presumed to offer my advice to you unsolicited, and sometimes in language which I now very much regret." As I am disposed, by my cosmopolitan ideas, to seek no revenge on my enemies whether they are my kin-people or not, I freely forgive if I cannot forget them, both in England and the United States of North America. In the former place because of my firm adherence to, and constant advocacy of, Radical Republicanism: in both politics and religion I was the mark of persecution wherever I went, by the middle classes especially. Out of four

newspapers published in Preston, North Lancashire, in 1848, two being Tory, one Whig, and one pretended Radical, not one of them but what misrepresented my position and statements at every opportunity, as they always do the statements of working men. My brother, wishing to float upon the popular breeze for the sake of business, joined hands with the enemies of free discussion, and against a brother, in a rigid and cruel persecution for a period of nearly four years, which I am very glad to say he "now very much regrets."

In the latter place, and especially in the City of Washington, I am even now at times the recipient of the most vile abuse, as I pass along the streets of this Metropolis of the Republic, by those ignorant and uncultivated poor whites, who have always been the aiders and abettors of slavery and the slaveholders' rebellion of 1861, because I undertook to help a few slaves to freedom against the wish of their bloodhound so-called masters. Then almost every newspaper in the whole of this broad country were the apologists of that dreadful curse. Every one in the District of Columbia labored hard to make the ignorant white people believe that it was a crime equal to murder to free, or attempt to free, a single slave, with the exception of the "National Era," a very excellent abolition paper, published by the late Dr. Bailey, and they succeeded in intimidating the jury so as to make them perjure themselves, and to bring in a verdict contrary to the evidence in the case; and made me equally guilty with those who stole human beings and sold them into bondage. Such was then the vitiated state of "Public Opinion" in this City, that my best friends dare not attend my trial at the court-house.

I am sometimes asked why do I remain where I am so despised by the ignorant whites, who know no better than to be the tools of designing political knaves; but my answer is, "I intend to fight it out on this line" if it takes me another *decade*.

To show the reader how sometimes reforms are very much aided by working men, if not altogether carried by them, in English Possessions as well as in England and on the Continent of Europe, I take the pleasure of inserting my brother's letter, or so much thereof as shows what a working man can do (if he will act fearlessly) against a Tyrant towards his removal—the latter part of which goes to show what a foreigner thinks of Andrew Johnson.

## Letter of Apology.

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GIBRALTAR, *February 17, 1867.*

WILLIAM BOYD, M. D.,

DEAR BROTHER: I have several times written to you, but have had only one letter from you since I saw you, and, on reflection, I have come to the conclusion that I was to blame for our disagreement, as I presumed to give you advice unsolicited, and sometimes in language which I now very much regret; and from it I have learned to be more careful in my language with all men; and I refrain from meddling in public affairs except on very special occasions, and then in the most respectful language which I know how to use towards an opponent. For instance—about two years ago I was one of a jury at the Court of Requests; the case was one of assault of an English officer upon a Spanish groom. And as the judge of the court, Mr. Costello, showed a barefaced partiality in the affair, and as I happened to be the only Englishman on the jury, all the others being natives of Gibraltar, and opprobiously denominated rich, and as my business lay most among English officers, I was the anchor of their hope—but in that they were disappointed. I had sworn to render a verdict according to the evidence

before the court. A verdict was rendered against the officer, and of course against my interest.

The judge thought he could treat me in the same way that he was in the habit of treating the inhabitants, and when I met him the next day, in the street, he told me I ought to be ashamed of my verdict. I bandied no words with him at the time, but waited until the next day when quite cool, lest I should make use of any phrase that I might have to regret.

I wrote him a letter demanding an apology or I would appeal to his superiors, which I did, first to Earl DeGray, and Rippon, Her Majesty's Secretary of War. I got all the satisfaction I wanted, and Costello was superseded as Judge and Attorney General, which positions he had held for twenty years.

I see by the "Evening Star" you kindly sent me, that you are active in opposing Mr. Johnson's Policy. I think the Republicans are in the right, from the fact that I think all men are equal in the sight of God, as far as political rights are concerned; but while opposing him on matters of principle it would be better, I think, to use only respectful language towards him, for after all he has come to the Presidential Chair in a legitimate way, (that is if he was not concerned in the death of Lincoln.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Will Mr. Johnson, with the sword in his hand, permit himself to be impeached? I think not; for if I have estimated his character correctly, he will treat the Congress in the same way that Cromwell treated the Rump Parliament, and then those who have called him "Acting President" and "would-be-Dictator" will be likely to find him a real "Dictator." Oppose him by argument but not by invective, since by using opprobrium you make enemies rather than friends, as Mr. Johnson did himself on his tour of the States. I hope you will not be offended at me for offering advice. When you think it over, take it for what it is worth. I hope when you re-

ceive this you will favor me with a few lines, as I am anxious to know how you and family are, also brother John and family, and sister Eliza Jane and her family.

Enclosed please find my photograph as taken on my fiftieth birthday.

Hoping this may find you and family in good health, as it leaves me and mine, believe me, I remain as ever, your affectionate brother,

ROBERT BOYD.



The following poem, "Blind Incredulity Rebuked," requires some little explanation. When I left England, in 1849, I had to leave my wife and three children behind me until I was able to send for them. Just as I was about to start for here, my father-in-law wrote to his daughter, Mrs. Boyd, and tried all he could to impress upon her mind the idea that if I only got away she would never hear from me again, that I would keep entirely out of her reach, and thus spend my life without them, but she knew me better than her father, and she told him very frankly in her answer that she did not believe him. My brother tried to make the same impression on the day of my departure, but in vain. She and the children went to her father's and stayed until I sent for her, in two years after my arrival here—during which time I sent remittances of over four hundred dollars to her. In the spring of 1851 she had a whitlow on one of the fingers of her right hand, and was therefore unable to write, so her father wrote for her, which gave me considerable surprise until I had ascertained, by reading the letter, what was the matter.

At the time of writing the answer to his letter, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and G. P. R. James were here, toadying to the slave power all they could, like the Traitor John Mitchell did during the Rebellion.

# Blind Incredulity Rebuked;

OR

WM. BOYD, M.D.'S, ANSWER TO HIS FATHER-IN-LAW'S  
LETTER.

[*Perth Amboy, N. J., May —, 1851.*]

---

When on your epistle I gazed,  
I was awe-stricken, bewildered, amazed:  
I thought your letter was only to tell,  
That my beloved and worshiped had fell—  
That she whom I loved was no more.  
My anguish ne'er had such high before.  
A thousand thoughts ran thro' my brain—  
That I should ne'er see my beloved again!  
A sudden chill—and with breath suppressed,  
I broke the seal and hoped the best.  
And as the writing met my eye,  
I could but breathe a heavy sigh.  
Yet when the eye three lines had seen,  
A ray of hope just then did gleam:  
Again I breathed and hastened to know—  
Whose signet was on the page below;  
I was then transfixed, by magic spell.

As I read the name of Samuel Bell.  
 Not that it was out of place or rhyme—  
 To read your name at such a time,  
 But the dread thought of my after life,  
 To be spent without a loving wife—  
 Ran thro' my brain like molten lead,  
 And then I wished, I *too* was dead.  
 For life would drag heavily along—  
 Without her cheerful and happy song;  
 For she was wont to cheer and bliss,  
 And heal the wounded by a kiss;  
 And give a new impetus to reflection,  
 By her Godlike kindness and affection.  
 I thank you for your present favor,  
 And freely forgive your past behavior;  
 Tho' not grossly bad, I thought it so—  
 It caused me many a tear of woe:  
 When I thought of her I left behind—  
 To the mercies of a world so blind,  
 To right, and worth, and emulation,  
 And full of cruel black dissimulation.  
 You too helped to roll the ball,  
 As in your way it chanced to fall:  
 But anon, 'twill serve no end,  
 Or, rather aggravate or tend—  
 To excite your hate or malice,  
 Instead of a cheering solace.  
 Your grief just now I fear is great,  
 Which is apparent by your state.  
 You thought when England's shores I left,  
 That Martha was of support bereft;  
 And that I, like a crouching slave,  
 Would seek some foreign unseen cave,  
 And selfishly spend my future life—  
 Without my children or my wife;  
 To know whether such prophecy be true,  
 I'll leave the matter now with you.

Your letter I read with anxious care,  
 And breathed the while a sacred prayer—  
 For my wife and children too,  
 Not forgetting yours and you.  
 'Tis needless in me to try—  
 To emulate so high,  
 As to enchant you by verse,  
 As mine to you may averse;  
 But this I'll try, to make a rhyme,  
 That will serve at least in course of time,  
 To show my children that truth must be—  
 The motto of life—and ever free!

Poetry, 'tis said, is an external sign,  
 Of innate thought, of love divine—  
 Of malice, hatred, or revenge—  
 Enemies to conquer or avenge.  
 With me 'tis only the mere wish,  
 To feast from the same dish.  
 Some have feasted in ideal themes,  
 Of frightful tales, or fairy dreams,  
 Without the wish to mend the world:  
 Or see the flag of truth unfurled,  
 That this earth might a brighter aspect wear;  
 To propagate the beautiful, the fair;  
 That each and all might one jubilee sing—  
 To one general parent—Nature's King:  
 That their thrilling meeds of praise—  
 Might form a succession of holydays.  
 For aught I know, Heaven is here;  
 For despised is king, queen, and peer.  
 Yes, it may e'en now surround me,  
 Oh! that it were but around thee.  
 If there is aught on earth to inspire—  
 The genial feelings of poetic fire,  
 Or make the philosopher seek a higher sphere:  
 For genius and worth, it is here.

To say nothing of the natural beauties around,  
 That here and everywhere abound:  
 In gorgeous splendor—on mountain and vale,  
 On forest, on prairie, on hill, or on dale:  
 By river, or lake, by sea, or by land,  
 So sweet in their beauty—on every hand:  
 The delicious fruits, so sweet and so rare;  
 The beautiful flowers, all smiling and fair:  
 Dame nature to this country hath given—  
 The solids of earth and the sweets of a heaven.  
 The people too are noble and great;  
 They worship no Cockatoo of State;  
 Their brains from all such thralldom are clear;  
 They know no distinction like peasant and peer;  
 They'r hostile too, to every wrong,  
 And liberty's in their every song.  
 They teach their youths to hate and despise—  
 All hypocrites who would them advise,  
 To be contented with their lot,  
 Whether born in palace or in cot.  
 And when English hypocrites come here,  
 To seek a more speculative sphere—  
 For pride, for vanity, and fame,  
 Who think Americans are the same:  
 As those whom they helped to enslave,  
 Or bury in a patriot's grave,  
 By teaching a stupid and blind submission;  
 To all priestly and kingly decision.  
 Here the people do them greatly pity,  
 In every hamlet, town, or city:  
 They know that 'tis only home slavery—  
 That makes them practice such knavery.  
 Think you would it not be right to say,  
 That they came in the wrong day:  
 That they came rather too late;  
 And that their writings are out of date.  
 'Tis likely they are silly enough to think—

That they can at truth and justice wink;  
 And by their slavish poetry and prose—  
 Lead the people by the nose.  
 It may, without levity, be said—  
 That they'r spirits from the dead,  
 Of three hundred years ago—  
 When kings and queens were all the go;  
 When people were like cattle,  
 And had no claims to settle:  
 When peers the people owned,  
 And worked them until they groaned.  
 But I only want them to know—  
 That while they cut so great a show;  
 It seems to be rather savory,  
 As if they were helpers of slavery:  
 Yet such may not be their intention,  
 Or have caused them much apprehension;  
 Perhaps 'tis the want of light and truth—  
 That makes them write so very smooth.  
 If so, 'twill take some of the renown,  
 From Sir Henry Bulwer Lytton, the Clown:  
 I mean, of worthless political twaddle;  
 With which he so oft' the people saddle.  
 Could I but change the literary switch,  
 And throw such twaddlers "in the last ditch,"  
 It would give me more infinite pleasure—  
 Than the finding of a world of treasure.  
 G.—P.—R.—James and he,  
 Have fully disgusted me.  
 But to keep out of confusion,  
 I will come to a conclusion.

Believe me, I am, as ever,

Your Son-in-law,

WM. BOYD, M. D.

Mr. S. BELL,

*Bedford Beds, England, Europe.*

## The Enigma.

---

Guess, thoughtful reader, if you can,  
Or name this bright, this generous man—  
Vulgar minds would him fain abuse,  
Error and wrong, with linked hands, misuse:  
Regardless of truth and virtue's claim:  
Ne'r read his speeches but in vain.  
On bells of truth, in every nation,  
Rings his voice for Emancipation!  
Lever of power, and scourge of kings!  
Oh! bear it thither on truthful wings.  
United in one, are his fame, and his goodness:  
In truth lies his worth, and great is his shrewdness,  
Solid his thoughts, and sure are his ways;  
Knowledge the greatest foundation he lays:  
Of kings and usurpers the truth he doth tell;  
So clear, and so purely, his ideas swell;  
So natural his genius—so pure and so good—  
Unmeasured by time, unspoken by mood.  
To take the first letter of each line,  
How sweet are the truths essayed in the rhyme.

PERTH AMBOY, *April 12*, 1852.

**DEMEO REFORMEO!**

## To Miss Cecilia Moran.

JULY —, 1851.

---

MISS MORAN was a young lady, of New York City, who worked for me, both in New York City and in Perth Amboy, N. J. She was of Irish parents, very handsome, and a most beautiful singer. The reader will find, upon examination of the following piece, that it is somewhat singular in its construction. By commencing with the first letter of the first line and the first one of the third line—that is, by skipping one each time—you will find an Acrostic on the above-named young lady.

Could I in a line or two—  
Impress you with a fact,  
Enchant you with a verse or two,  
And make you think—reflect.  
Could I encourage you to try,  
To use that gift of Heaven;  
Innate it doth lie—  
In that brain that God hath given.  
Latent as the sun's sweet light—  
Are thy faculties for brightness,  
In truth's own battle let them fight;  
Oh! spend them not in lightness.  
All nature lies before thee!  
Like unpolished hidden gems;



May a worthy yet adore thee,  
And foster nature's germs.  
Onward! let your motto be,  
In search of truth Divine,  
Resolved thro' every mist to see—  
With brightness may you shine!  
As a child, sister, lover, and wife,  
To make your life worth having,  
Ne'er foster any strife,  
And live a life for Heaven.







HUMAN RIGHTS

AND

KING ANDY;

OR, THE

Apostate President.

BY

WILLIAM BOYD, M. D.,

THE AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.

123 Virginia Avenue, Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON.

JOSEPH L. PEARSON, PRINTER.

1867.



WILLIAM BOYD, M. D.,

# PHRENOLOGIST.

---

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